<Title>
an original screenplay by

<yournamereplacehere>
JAMES
I'm taking him home, Lindsey. I don't fucking care what they say. I want to take my boy home.

LINDSEY
He's not coming home, Jimmy.

JAMES
Don't say that, please. Don't say that.

LINDSEY
He's on life support, Jimmy. He's not going anywhere. You gotta accept it.

JAMES
No. I don't gotta do fucking nothing.

LINDSEY
Look at me, Jimmy, please, look at me. He's never gonna be our little boy again, ever.

JAMES
Don't!

LINDSEY
He's brain dead.

JAMES
Don't say that.

LINDSEY
He's on life support, he can't move, and I don't want him like that! I can't have my little boy be like that! I'll pull the plug myself. I will.

JAMES
What did you say? What the fuck did you just say? My boy? You pull the plug on my boy?

LINDSEY
I can't have him like this, Jimmy.

JAMES
How could you be so cold?
LINDSEY
Don't say that to me.

JAMES
How could you be so cold?

LINDSEY
Don't say that.

JAMES
I could never. Ever.

LINDSEY
Don't you dare fucking say that.

JAMES
You're pathetic.

LINDSEY
You of all people in the whole fucking world cannot say that to me!

JAMES
Who the fuck are you?

LINDSEY
You motherfucker. Go fuck yourself.